

Table Of Contents

1. [Tumblr](#)

Tumblr

[...though men were perched upon living stilts which keep on growing, reaching the height of church-towers, until walking becomes difficult and dangerous...]*

Year 2116

A man laid on the stone pavement. His body hidden behind a corner of a ruin. The tropic sunrays were strong; through his western clothes, he could feel the burning heat. However, this helplessness like he had already given up to the heat and the cold, hadn't subsided during his wander overseas. The smell of heated weeds and stones filled up his nostrils, the man breathed in deeply.

On the hilltop, religious ruins built of flat big heaped up stones. A half destroyed column caught in many battles and a statue exposed their pitiful figure like a cheese chewed by rats. Fine friezes of a sculptural relief on a wall had been spared but the original shape, mostly pierced by many bullet holes, hadn't been preserved.

Here and there, red hibiscus flowers bloomed from cracks in the stone pavement. Pale red petals, like they had grown sucking blood, were swaying in the wind.

The name of the man laid down was Kougami Shinya.

A detective who had killed a man and fled from Japan.

....Did I killed a man?

If someone had told him so, that's how Kougami would have argued.

I have only fulfilled my duty. A detective's job is not to judge people. And yet, what if an evil that can't be judged by the law exists? A detective's job isn't also deal with evil to make up for the law's flaws?

So Kougami deemed, and brought things to conclusion pulling the trigger.

Wandering overseas, he had reforged himself and now, Kougami was in SEAUn. With the world entered in an era of chaos, even if some nations had tried

to get away with a reorganization, finally they were a mosaic of failed dictatorships and civil wars. In this country, Kougami had been taking part to the guerilla battles of the democratization movement as a military adviser.

“...they’ve come”

The man standing next to Kougami was Sem, the leader of guerrilla.

He hadn’t asked about his past but, from the traces of wounds and his custom to the fights, Kougami conjectured if afterall he wasn’t an ex-military.

On the top of the small hill, behind the stone ruins, Kougami and Sem had prepared a spot to watch and wait for a chance to shoot.

Taking in Sem’s words, Kougami took a look into the distance.

Chuan Han’s governative troops were coming.

A long civil war had been raging in the Southeast Asia Union. But the situation had a deep change. Chuan Han, who had been no more than a leader of a military cast, joined forces with Japanese Government, the Sybil System. The measure of the crime coefficients... the edification of the maritime special ward Shambala Float, that he’d been entrusted to administrate from Japan.

.....what’s happening?

Caught between the opposition force and the nations, in a short time Chuan Han had completed all the arrangements. And then, a unit of drones provided by the Japanese government began the massacre under the pretext of maintaining public order.

At that time, Kougami Shinya had already taken part to the guerrilla fight and was trying to overthrow Chuan Han’s strong-arm methods.

*....Chuan Han is a dictator. Existence is utterly incompatible with the japanese government way, in other words the Sybil System. The governmental forces will collapse from the inside....*that was Kougami and Sem’s prediction.

However, that didn’t happen. Shambala float was going well in trial operations, and if one had said say that chairman Han was compliant to Japanese government, he would have described well Sian government situation.

Then, the anti governative troops were being killed like insects.

A column of governative troops was passing through the country road. Military vehicles for troops transport, an armored car used by the commander, and a Ganesh....a tank made in Japan with many robotic arms. An entire armored squadron. If they had let them go, in the guerrilla camp it would have been another massacre.

That's why they had to settle it there.

Carrying an assault rifle on his shoulder, Sem set up the spotting scope. That scope had a laser apparatus for distance measurement and an anemometer. An anti-material rifle was standing on its legs in front of Kougami. Ready to fire in a prone stance, Kougami introduced a sharp huge bullet in the open fire chamber.

[.....]

When Kougami looked into the scope, computer graphics and a variety of informations were displayed. The image of a shooting correction device synchronized with the laser apparatus for distance measurement. A cursor was floating on the position of the estimated projectile impact.

The column of governative troops vehicles was approaching the scope centre.

The distance was 600 meters.

"The wind direction's changed", sharply said Sem.

This time he was Kougami's spotter.

The spotter had the role of sniper's assistant.

In case of carrying out long range shots with a big rifle, using a scope, the scale factor necessarily increased but this lead to a narrow field of vision. The spotter followed that.

He assisted with the trajectory computation and observed the impact.

Since the screen shook in the moment the rifle fires, the great advantage was having someone other than the main marksman to observe the impact.

"The wind has started blowing from 3 o'clock direction. Just a few minutes ago it was the opposite"

"Even if the wind is changing, it doesn't reflect in the shooting correction

device....." Kougami said in a low voice.

"Am I wrong?" Sem said.

"No, you're not. It's the shooting device who's failing....."

"Damn it. Anyway it's an equipment of so many decades ago"

"Let's fix it"

Kougami turned off the shooting correction device. The computer graphics disappeared from the scope and the usual reticle switched to a mil-dot*.

[.....]

On the portable terminal on his wrist, a hologram was displayed. It was the trajectory computing graphic of the anti-material rifle Kougami was using.

Peering into that graphic, Sem said.

"5 clicks to the right"

"Roger"

Said so, Kougami with careful hands clicked on the windage* knob on the side of the scope.

"Can I go?"

"I've already added the spin drift to the wind force....]" said Sem.

"The angle also is such that has not much influence on the impact. No problem!"

Kougami placed his fingers on the trigger.

Thanks to the shooting practice gained, he aimed without even a closed eye. Only real snipers aimed with both eyes open.

Aiming to the troop-transport vehicle at the head of the column, he shot.

Blowing a tire, he stopped the movement.

"Hit" Sem confirmed the impact.

.....and now the next one.

Breaking the front axle, he prevented the forward movement of the column.

As next target, he aimed at the end of the column. The second shoot went to the tire of the armored car.

By doing so, he had blocked the road in front and behind and now, he was free to aim to the favorite target.

This time the favorite target was—napalm ammunitions prepared for the roads of this country zone.

Fire bombs in which a thickener was added to a high performance combustion agent.

Kougami charged an incendiary oil bomb into the anti-material rifle and launched it.

It raised a great explosion. Also the antitank mines laid around detonated, creating a chain. Beautiful fireworks bloomed from the ground.

Flames dancing together with a bursting of destructive power.

“Let’s change place” said Sem.

“Yes”

With a temperature over 1000°C, napalm ammunitions kept burning for about 10 minutes. In what kind of tanks with robotics arm there weren’t internal precision equipments. Behind a curtain of black smoke and flames, with a twitch, the Ganesh silhouette crumbled falling in pieces.

NOTES TO TRANSLATION:

*This first sentence is taken from the book “Time regained” by Marcel Proust. Proust style is rather complex and elaborated, so I didn’t translate it by myself. I searched for an official English version.

***Mil-dot or mil dot reticle:** a mean of determining distances to targets, establishing leads for moving targets, and for alternate aiming points for windage and elevation holds

***Windage:** The point or degree at which the wind gauge or sight of a rifle or gun must be set to compensate for the effect of the wind.

Thanks for reading